Clever Little Reginald

In the first car which Mrs. Flyte entered a little girl with forget-me-nots on her bonnet was standing on a seat and reciting in a loud, clear tone the story of Little Miss Muffett. Mrs. Flyte hurried forward into the second car.

There she found two small boys, watched by their admiring parents, playing tag in the aisle. Bag in hand, she succeeded in dodging the combatants and sought a third car.

As there were no children visible in that car she dropped gratefully into a seat in front of which a bunch of very artificial ringlets was nodding affirmation to the voluble outpouring of the wearer of a chantecler hat.

It was not that Mrs. Flyte disliked children. Far from it! She owned no houses for rent and she looked back upon the time when her own youngsters were around the house as the happiest period of her life. But, during the week which she had just passed with her niece she had become strongly convinced that it is possible for a child to be too much in the foreground of the domestic scene.

"Elaine is, of course, a dear child," she said to herself, "but I wish her father and mother could manage, occasionally, to talk about something besides her sayings and doings. I suppose I tried to tell stories about my own when they were little, but then they were really rather unusual children. Why, Edith walked when she was only eleven months old and I don't believe there ever was another child who said as many bright things as Henry did. But Elaine is really very ordinary and I'm positively sick and tired of hearing about her."

Mrs. Flyte's reflections were interrupted by the voice of the woman with the chantecler hat.

"Dear little Reginald!" said the woman, "will be so lonely! I really ought to have taken an earlier train."

"I wish she had," groaned Mrs. Flyte inwardly, "if she's going to sit there and talk about dear little Reginald."

Evidently, she was, for she continued: "You wouldn't believe how much he misses me! Why, the other night I was home an hour late and the tears actually stood in his eyes when he ran to meet me. He has such lovely eyes, and they are such an unusual color. I noticed last night that his eyes are exactly the color of mine, and I've often been told mine were very unusual—brown, yes, but this very particular uncommon shade of brown—I don't know exactly what you would call it. Isn't it lovely that darling Reginald's eyes should be exactly that same peculiar and unusual shade?"

The wearer of the chantecler hat talked, apparently, without effort. Her voice rushed on, like a high power automobile, throwing out a cloud of words which drifted over the back of the seat. It was Reginald's ablutions which came in next for discussion.

"You just ought to see him take his bath. He grows stronger every day, I do believe!"

Mrs. Flyte had a distinct remembrance that her children had been regularly and properly bathed during their infancy, but their baths had never taken on the form of a public ceremonial. She had been an unwilling witness to Elaine's bath every morning during her visit, attendance at this function being, if not compulsory, at least obligatory on all within the call of Elaine's admiring mother.

"Did you ever see the dear little red sweater we gave him on his birthday?" the voice went on. "He's so proud of it—yes, he was three years old the twenty-third of March—and he'll run and get it every time I put on my hat to take him out. He isn't willing to go a step without it, even now that it is so warm. I suppose he'll insist upon wearing it all summer. We had his picture taken in it the other day. Oh, you must see his pictures! I've some of them here in my bag."

The chantecler hat and the bunch of artificial ringlets bent close over the photographs while Mrs. Flyte closed her eyes upon visions of Elaine photographed in every possible and impossible position—Elaine asleep and awake; Elaine dressed and undressed; Elaine crying and smiling; Elaine, in short, in every imaginable phase of her existence from the day of her birth to the present time, and each succeeding representation, according to Elaine's mother, just a little more worthy of one's choicest adjectives than any of the others.

The train stopped. There was a movement in the next seat and Mrs. Flyte opened her eyes to see the chantecler hat and the bunch of artificial ringlets disappear through the doorway.

As the train started onward she noticed something on the floor. One of little Reginald's photographs had slipped through at the back of the seat and was lying at her feet. She glanced at it wearily. Then she smiled.

"Well," she remarked to herself; "I'm sure that doesn't make it any better.

It was evident from the photograph that dear little Reignald was a dog.

TYPES GIRLS LIKE

QUESTION AS TO WHICH NATIONALITY MAKES BEST LOVERS.

Over In England They Think the Englishman Is Supreme, and Two American Women Have Sided With Them.

For long it has been supposed that Englishmen do not make good lovers. It is said they are too plain, straightforward and downright. They lack, it has been suggested, the finnesse and skill of foreign men in wooing.

But the statement of Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, the famous American novelist, that if she married again she would marry an Englishman for choice, since he is far the most interesting type, raises the question anew.

Inquiries go to show that, in the opinion of some people at any rate, not only is the Englishman a better lover than the American man, but better even than the Frenchman, the Spaniard or the Austrian.

Mrs. Atherton added that as her profession made her habits and home unstable, she did not intend to marry anybody.

But she was sure that men of other than English nationality, and American men especially, lacked the subtlety of the well-bred Englishman, his finesse and his charm of conversation and manner.

Another English author, who asked that her identity might not be disclosed, as she did not wish to quarrel with American friends, spoke even more definitely.

"When do you ever hear of English girls marrying Americans?" she asked. "There is a good reason for this.

"However wealthy their parents, the majority of the boys in rich American homes grow up to be drawing-room hooligans, while their sisters are developing all the refinement and more than the style and intelligence of European women of corresponding social position.

"These young money-grubbers of the states enter a ladies' drawing-room looking like furniture removers. They have no graces, no conversation. They are on a lower social plane than their own sisters.

"And for this reason, perhaps, they have no power to compel the respect of women. All true women feel the need of a master, or, as an American would would say, a 'boss.'

"I believe that every really good woman wants to look upon a man as literally her lord and master. But, of course, she wants to feel that the man is her superior in all that matters. American women do not find that sort of man among her own countrymen."

Mrs. Elizabeth York Miller, who is herself an American, and has only lived in England for two years, admitted that the American husband is not so companionable as the English husband.

But Americans were very unselfish. They were more generous with their money than Englishmen and allowed their wives more freedom.

"As a lover I think the American is sincere, if blunt," she continued. "He says to a girl: 'Now, look here, I love you. You are the nicest girl I've ever met. Let's get hitched right now.' From a sentimental point of view this is not idyllic, but it is straightforward.

"The Englishman is attractive to the American girl because he is so different from the men she has known. She can't be 'pally' with him, and it takes some time to understand him.—London Mirror.

Reformer's Mistake.

The girls who have lunch in the District building ladies' tearoom are giggling over the story of the female reformer and how she got left.

It seems that the female reformer, who is occupied in one of the offices of the District building, espied a young girl "with dresses at her shoe tops" going in the side door of a saloon.

Woof! She telephoned to the police and told exactly what she had seen and where the place was.

Around came two large policemen. They surrounded the saloon. One of them went in at the side entrance and made investigations. He came out laughing. The side entrance led into the saloon keeper's house. It had no connection with the saloon. The young girl "with dresses at her shoe tops" was the saloon keeper's daughter and lived there. Further, she was a good twenty-five years old.

Apparel.

A man ought in his clothes to conform something to those that he converses with, to the custom of the nation, and the fashion that is decent and general to the occasion, and his own condition; for that is best that best suits with one's calling, and the rank we live in. And seeing all men are not Oedipuses to read the riddle of another man's inside, and most men judge by appearances, it behooves a man to barter for a good esteem, even from his clothes and outside. We guess the goodness of the pasture by the mantle we see it years

PLACING THE BLAME

The logs blazed and crackled with all the luxurious disregard of expense which logs in the fireplace of a wealthy country club should have. Outdoors a mist turned the prospect gray. Before the fire Redlands sat with a pile of new magazines. He had decided that the links were too wet to negotiate.

Presently in floated Mrs. Kreeble. It was not at all the sort of day for a woman to be at a golf club and Redlands frowned. He observed also that Mrs. Kreeble looked more animated than usual. This caused him some alarm. Redlands loves quiet and comfort and he was very comfortable just then.

"Oh," said Mrs. Kreeble as she charged down the room at him. "I'm so glad you are here! I was just hoping to find some one! Come and help me to pick violets!"

"Violets!" echoed Redlands, in great scorn, attempting to hide his fear that she would indeed make him do it. "In this rain? You'll catch an awful cold!"

"I have on thick shoes," said his tormentor, sweetly. "And, look—my husband's raincoat!"

"You know," further objected Redlands, desperately, "I am subject to tonsilitis. I had a terrible attack of it once."

"You are the picture of health," said Mrs. Kreeble. "Of course, if you don't care to—"

"I'm dying to go!" said Redlands, hastily, getting to his feet with a last look at the crackling fire.

He got an umbrella and they started. Half a mile from the clubhouse a black cloud of wind and rain swooped down on them. When the darkness lifted, Mrs. Kreeble's umbrella was wrong side out and her hair was coming down.

"Let's go back," she moaned.

Redlands took a mean advantage. "Never!" he said, firmly. "The only redeeming feature of a foolish undertaking is really accomplishing what you have set out to do. We came to pick violets, and violets I intend to pick!"

"Then," said Mrs. Kreebles, as she saw a summer house looming up through the driving rain, "you go pick them while I do up my hair! Over in those woods the grass is so long and wet, and I shouldn't dare go there, anyhow!"

Redlands went. Being about as wet to his knees as it was possible for human being to be, he did not much care. When he got to the woods he found nothing but mud. He returned to Mrs. Kreeble and reported: "There are no violets."

"Well," said Mr. Kreeble, jauntily, her hair now being pinned up, "it does not so much matter. See that perfectly lovely apple tree over there in full bloom! I'd love to have some of the blossoms! Can't you manage to—"

The upshot of it was that Redlands climbed the small apple tree. All that portion of Redlands which the umbrella had kept tolerably dry now received a shower bath from the trembling branches. Also Mrs. Kreeble from below vociferously objected to his shaking off all the blossoms. She wondered irritably why he had neglected to bring his knife. Finally she received with an injured air the branches he threw down to her. That it was a thornapple tree and Redlands had met most of the collection on his way up and down did not interest her at all.

It occurred to Mrs. Kreeble then that marshy places were the best for violets, so they hunted for a marsh. Everything in the pouring rain looked like a marsh, but the coveted violets did not appear. Finally, on the steep banks of a little creek, some blue blossoms showed. By lying down on the green and reaching far out, Redlands managed to collect quite a handful.

"Oh, thank you!" cried Mrs. Kreeble as she took them all. "Of course, these are not many, but they'll do! Now, let's go back!"

"Yes," said the dripping, shivering, disgruntled Redlands, "by all means, let's go back!"

As they stepped on to the clubhouse porch, wet, bedraggled, pools of water flowing from their garments, Kreeble himself appeared. He surveyed them sternly.

"Even if a woman hasn't a scrap of sense," he remarked icily, "one would naturally think a man might have a little. If you both don't have pneumonia—"

"I believe I am rather damp," admitted Mrs. Kreeble. "We'd better go and have tea. John, take us to tea—no, this little outing will not have its finishing touch if Mr. Redlands doesn't get stuck for the tea also! Take us to tea, Mr. Redlands!"

So Redlands did.

Unappreciated Art.

According to an account published in its weekly paper, the people of Burgau, a small town in Suabia, have not been educated to a proper appreciation of the stage. Josef Deisenriede, who was the prompter of the company which performed there a few weeks ago, published a letter in the little paper, in which he said: "I wish to notify the theater public that I have resigned my place as prompter because I was compelled by necessity to do so. For five days my family and myself had to subsist on boiled potatoes and tea because of my small income. Oh, art is so jolly!"

RESPONDED TO CALL

YOUNG MAN HEARD VOICE OF DUTY AND OBEYED.

Real Courage Displayed In Becoming Center of Interest to Crowd and Saving Wretched Horse From Ill Treatment.

The horse dragging a street piano along the main thoroughfare of a large New England city was so evidently inadequate to his task that people turned and looked at it. Some laughed—it was a funny sight to them to see such a raw-boned, half-starved rat of a horse, dragging the gaudy instrument, with a fat man tramping sturdily along beside it, but others looked serious. Something ought to be done about it. The thing was an outrage, and why did not the police attend to it? But whether they smiled or frowned, nobody took any definite action.

Two young men came along the sidewalk together. They looked at the spectacle in disgust, but were going on their way like the others, when one of them hesitated, and then stopped abruptly.

"Why doesn't somebody get that fat villain's name, and have the society that looks after animals take that beast away from him?" he demanded sharply of his companion.

The other smiled.

"Why don't you?" he asked, pertinently.

"Well, why don't I?" The other drew a long breath. "Because I'm afraid of having the crowd call me a 'butter-in.' That's the trouble with most of us. I wouldn't be afraid to stand up in front of any man in sight in an out-and-out fight; and as for that man, either of us could turn him over and spank him without taking out coats off. But we're all afraid of being considered chicken-hearted."

"Right you are, Billy," agreed his companion. "But I don't see just what you're going to do about it."

"What I am going to do about it," exclaimed Billy, "is to kick myself across the street, and take the first steps toward separating that man from his horse! And I'm not going to let myself care a snap who sees me doing it."

True to his determination, the young man strode across the street and stopped the procession. A moment later, and a little crowd of interested spectators concealed him from his companion. The crowd grew. Presently it attracted the attention of a distant policeman, who hurried up and forced his way into it. There were signs of lively discussion; then the crowd melted, and Billy rejoined his companion.

"That horse," he remarked, triumphantly, "is now going to be handed over to the society that takes care of 'em. I felt like a fool while I was doing it, but I'm glad I did it."

Precious Mexican Relic.

In the chapel of a monastery at Puebla, Mexico, is one of the most precious relics of the Spanish conquest of America. It is a small wooden statuette of the Virgin Mary with the infant Jesus in her arms. Battered and worm-eaten as it is it is dressed in silks and gold and jewels and placed upon the high altar for the veneration of the faithful. For it was given to Hernando Cortez by the Emperor Charles V., and the famous conquistador carried it throughout his career.

The relic at one time saved the life of Cortez during battle. But for it Mexico's history would have been different.

One hand has been replaced by a hand of silver. This hand was shot away by a bullet that would otherwise have killed Cortez. He gave the statue to Acxotecatlec, captain of the republic of Tlaxcala, who was his ally. Ever since his days it has remained in the monastery, but there is now a movement to take it to the National museum, where the ravages of time and worms can be checked.